

CUE: (NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY)
30 SECONDS

VOICE: LIGHTS OUT - EVERYBODY!

BIZ: GONG...FADE IN WIND...CHIMES...OUT

VOICE: EIGHTEEN HUNDRED THIRTY-SEVEN - A.D.
(FADING IN)

PHILLIP: IT GROWS LATE, JANET. COULD IT BE THAT
HE SUSPECTS?

JANET: HE? SUSPECT? HOW COULD HE? WE HAVE ONLY
DECIDED OUR COURSE WITHIN THE HOUR - AND
HAVE NOT LEFT THE HOUSE DURING THAT TIME.
THERE IS NO WAY THAT OUTSIDERS MIGHT LEARN.

PHILLIP: UMMM - POSSIBLY. BUT HE MUST KNOW OF ME.

JANET: NOT BY WORD OF MINE. I HAVE GUARDED MY
TONGUE WITH GREATEST CARE.

PHILLIP: YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT YOU ARE NO LONGER IN
PHILADELPHIA - THIS IS CHICAGO, A MERE
VILLAGE - WITH MANY IDLE TONGUES TO GOSSIP.

JANET: I KNOW, BUT -

PHILLIP: OH, TRUE ENOUGH, WE HAVE GIVEN THEM LITTLE OR
NO CAUSE - BUT YOU KNOW VILLAGERS GOSSIP EVEN
THOUGH THEY KNOW NOT OF WHAT THEY SPEAK.

JANET: THAT IS ALL PAST AND GONE - WE'LL SOON BE AWAY
FROM ALL OF THIS. TONIGHT ENDS IT ALL -

PHILLIP: NO, NO - TONIGHT LIFE BEGINS. A FRESH, NEW
LIFE - FOR US TO MAKE OF IT WHAT WE WILL.

JANET: IT WILL BE PERFECT. WHEN ANTHONY DIES MY
WORLD WILL NOT BE THE SAME. IT WILL SEEM
AS THOUGH I AM BEING BORN AGAIN.

PHILLIP: YOU'LL HAVE NO REGRETS? (PAUSE) YES, THAT -
BUT IT MUST BE DONE.

JANET: COULDN'T HE COME WITH US. HE IS SO YOUNG -
IT COULDN'T BE POSSIBLE THAT HE COULD
REMEMBER HIS FATHER.

PHILLIP: NO, NO, JANET - THAT IS THE SACRIFICE YOU
MUST MAKE. I COULDN'T GO THRU LIFE WITH HIS
SON - KNOWING THAT I HAD KILLED HIS FATHER.

JANET: BUT HE IS NOT ANTHONY'S BABY! HE IS MINE!

PHILLIP: (WITH FINALITY) THAT IS THE SACRIFICE. WHEN
ANTHONY DIES YOU MUST ERASE ALL OF HIM FROM
YOUR MEMORIES.

(PAUSE)

JANET: I SHALL.

PHILLIP: (CHANGING THE SUBJECT) ANTHONY'S FRIENDS?
HE IS AN ARTIST, A GENTLEMAN OF PARTS FROM WHAT
I'VE HEARD -

JANET: YES, TRUE - BUT WITHOUT A WIDE CIRCLE OF FRIENDS.

PHILLIP: THEN WE NEED HAVE NO FEAR OF WHAT HIS FRIENDS
MIGHT DO?

JANET: THEY WILL MOURN - NOTHING MORE.

LIGHTS OUT - 3

PHILLIP: (HALTINGLY) I - I CAN'T ESCAPE A TOUCH OF
CONSCIENCE. HIS MONEY - IT WOULDN'T TROUBLE
ME TO TAKE THAT - BUT TO TAKE HIS LIFE -

JANET: IF THERE WERE ANY OTHER WAY -

PHILLIP: COULDN'T WE JUST RUN AWAY? HE WOULDN'T FOLLOW
US.

JANET: NO, NO - THAT ISN'T THE SOLUTION - HE MIGHT
FOLLOW, KNOWING WE HAD TAKEN THE MONEY.

PHILLIP: WE WOULD HAVE A DAYS START -

JANET: NO! THAT WOULDN'T DO! HE MUST DIE SO THAT WE
MAY LIVE - REALLY LIVE.

PHILLIP: I - I WISH IT WOULDN'T HAVE TO BE THAT WAY.
IT IS THE ONLY MEAN AND UNPLEASANT THING IN
THIS DREAMLAND OF OURS.

JANET: IF YOU LOVE ME -

PHILLIP: OH, I DO!

JANET: (GOES RIGHT ON) - YOU KNOW THAT WE CAN NEVER
GO ON WHILE ANTHONY IS ALIVE. YOU MUST SEE
~~WHY~~ I CAN NOT EVER, EVER FACE THE WORLD WITH
YOU KNOW THAT ANTHONY COULD BE LURKING AROUND
ANY CORNER.

PHILLIP: - BUT WE'LL GO FAR AWAY!

JANET: WE CAN GO NOWHERE BUT WHAT HE COULD FOLLOW.
(LONG PAUSE)

PHILLIP: THEN - THEN WE MUST KILL HIM? ~~XXXXXX~~

JANET: YES - TONIGHT.

LIGHTS OUT - 4

PHILLIP: THIS - THIS IN THE NAME OF LOVE! JANET, DEAR,
CAN ANY LOVE BE GREAT ENOUGH IN THE EYES OF
GOD THAT HE WOULD FORGIVE MURDER FOR IT'S SAKE?

JANET: YOU MUST NEVER DOUBT, PHILLIP - WE MUST NOT
MISS OUR CHANCE.

PHILLIP: (VACANTLY) NO, WE MUSTN'T MISS OUR CHANCE.

JANET: PHILLIP - GO TO THE WINDOW AND KEEP WATCH - HE
WILL PROBABLY ARRIVE ON FOOT. YOU WILL KNOW HIM,
WON'T YOU?

PHILLIP: IF HIS PORTRAIT IS A TRUE LIKENESS, YES.

JANET: I'LL INTRODUCE YOU AS A FRIEND OF MY FATHER.

PHILLIP: GOOD LORD! MUST I MEET HIM - MUST I LOOK HIM
IN THE EYE - SHAKE HIS HAND BEFORE I END HIS
LIFE? NO, IT NEEDN'T BE THAT WAY.

JANET: THERE IS NO OTHER WAY. HE MUST NOT SUSPECT
FOR ONE MINUTE WHAT WE PLAN. YOU MUST REMEMBER
THAT YOU ARE TO BE BENJAMIN VOCHER - YES, THAT
WILL BE YOUR NAME - HE WILL REMEMBER FATHER
HAVEN SPOKEN THAT NAME.

PHILLIP: I MUST KNOW MORE ABOUT THE MAN THAN THAT - IF
I MUST PLAY HIS PART. BENJAMIN VOCHER IS THE
NAME?

JANET: YES - V - O - C - H - E - K. YOU ARE FROM
BOSTON - YOU HAD DONE WORK FOR FATHER WHEN
YOU WERE IN PHILADELPHIA.

PHILLIP: (PARROTING) YES, IN PHILADELPHIA. (PAUSE) MY
BUSINESS? HE IS SURE TO ASK THAT.

LIGHTS OUT - 5

JANET: YOU ARE A TAILOR. YOU WERE FATHER'S TAILOR.
(PAUSE) WILL YOU REMEMBER ALL OF THAT?

PHILLIP: YES. YES - I SHALL -

JANET: YOU MUST BE VERY SURE OF YOURSELF. ANTHONY IS
VERY SENSITIVE - HE CAN DETECT LYING UNLESS
IT IS DONE VERY ARTFULLY.

PHILLIP: YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT ME. I SHALL CARRY MY
PART WITH EASY ASSURANCE.
(PAUSE)

JANET: WE MUST HAVE A SIGNAL - THERE CAN BE NO DELAY
AFTER I LEARN WHERE HE KEEPS THE MONEY.

PHILLIP: BUT WHY?

JANET: IT MIGHT BE NECESSARY TO ASK QUITE BLUNTLY.
HIS SUSPICIOUS NATURE MAY CAUSE HIM TO BECOME
OVER CAUTIOUS SHOULD WE WAIT TOO LONG. YES,
WE MUST HAVE A SIGNAL.

PHILLIP: OF WHAT SORT, JANET?

JANET: YOU MUST WATCH ME. I SHALL DO THIS - (SLIGHT PAUSE)
WHEN I HAVE ALL THE INFORMATION WE NEED. THEN
BE ALERT FOR - FOR YOUR BEST OPPORTUNITY.

PHILLIP: I UNDERSTAND.

JANET: AND I - I WOULD ASK - IF - IF IT WOULD BE
POSSIBLE - THAT HE NOT KNOW, WHEN HE DIES, THAT -
THAT I BETRAYED HIM.

PHILLIP: YES - YES, I UNDERSTAND.

JANET: A QUICK DEATH WOULD MAKE IT EASIER - FOR ME.

LIGHTS OUT - 6

PHILLIP: YES - FOR US BOTH.

JANET: IF THE OPPORTUNITY COMES TO ME I WILL STRIKE
WITH THIS - THIS KNIFE ON THE TABLE. (PAUSE)
IS YOUR GUN READY FOR FIRING, PHILLIP?

PHILLIP: YES - YES, IT WAS LOADED WHEN I LEFT THE INN.
IT WILL BE READY FOR INSTANT USE. (PAUSE) I -
I PRAY GOD WE ARE DOING THE RIGHT THING.

JANET: (TENSELY) SHHHH! SOMEONE IS ON THE PATH. IT
MUST BE ANTHONY. (GOING AWAY) I SHALL LOOK OUT THE
WINDOW.

PHILLIP: (TENSE WHISPER) WHO IS IT?

JANET: (SLIGHTLY AWAY) IT IS HE, ANTHONY - (PAUSE)
OUR TIME HAS COME!

BIZ: KNOCK ON DOOR....REPEATED...GONG TO END

VOICE: NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTY-SEVEN - A.D.
(FADING IN)

BEA: (AWAY) THESE BOOKS, TONY? (PAUSE) TONY!

TONY: (STARTLED) HUH! HUH? OH, I'M SORRY - I WAS
READING - I DIDN'T HEAR WHAT YOU SAID.

BEA: THESE BOOKS - AREN'T YOU TAKING SOME OF THEM
WITH YOU?

TONY: YEAH - THEY WON'T BE NEEDING ANY OF THE NEW ONES.
THEY'D JUST THROW THEM AWAY. ALL OF 'EM IN THAT
SECTION ARE NEW ONES, I KNOW.

BEA: WHAT SHALL I DO WITH THEM?

LIGHTS OUT - 7

TONY: WELL - I SUPPOSE YOU'D BETTER GO THRU ALL THE BOOKS AND STACK ALL OF THE ONES WITH PUBLISHING DATES LATER THAN 1850 ON THE FLOOR. STEVE'LL BE IN TOMORROW TO HELP ME PACK 'EM. YOU'D BETTER PUT ON THAT OLD SMOCK - THOSE BOOKS'LL BE PLENTY DUSTY.

BEA: (GOING AWAY) DO YOU REMEMBER WHERE I PUT THAT SMOCK?

TONY: IT'S ON THE HOOK IN BACK OF THE KITCHEN DOOR.
(PAUSE) FIND IT?

BEA: (AWAY) YES, HERE IT IS. (PAUSE) OH, TONY! THERE'S THE MOST ADORABLE SUNBONNET BACK HERE.

TONY: THE BLUE ONE? YEAH, I'VE SEEN IT.

BEA: (COMING IN) LOOK, TONY - AM I NOT PICTURESQUE?

TONY: (CHUCKLING) YOU ARE AT THA T! WHO, PR'TELL, MIGHT THOU BE, PRETTY MAIDEN?

BEA: I, SIR, AM SUNBONNET SUE - ALL FLUFFS AND RUFFLES. IN TRUTH, THE VERY SPIRIT OF LAVENDER AND OLD LACE.

TONY: COME CLOSER, MY PRETTY ONE, SO THAT I MIGHT SMELL THE PERFUME BEHIND THOSE PINK, SHELL-LIKE EARS. (PAUSE) I DON'T WANT TO SEEM RUDE, LOVELY MAIDEN, BUT YOU'RE KISSES ARE SO MODERN. YOU KNOW - ?

BEA: WHAT?

TONY: YOU KISS JUST LIKE A YOUNG LADY BY THE NAME OF BEATRICE MCCOY.

LIGHTS OUT - 8

BEA: BEATRICE? YOU MEAN THE BEATRICE LOVED BY DANTE?

TONY: NO - NO, THE ONE LOVED BY ANTHONY SNOWDEN.

(PAUSE) KNOW HIM?

BEA: RECOGNIZE THIS?

(THEY KISS)

TONY: UMMMM - THE KISS IS FAMILIAR - BUT NOT THE KISSER.

YOU KNOW, I COULD JUST SWEAR YOU ARE BEATRICE

McCOY - IF IT WEREN'T FOR THAT SUNBONNETX-

(BEA GIGGLES - TONY JOINS IN - BOTH BUILD UP

TO A LAUGH - LAUGH ENDS ABRUPTLY - KISS SUGGESTED

BOTH SIGH)

TONY: DARLING! WE'VE GOTTA GET TO WORK. MRS. LINDSEY
PHONED TODAY THAT SHE'D BE HERE TOMORROW MORNING
AT TEN-THIRTY TO TAKE OVER THE HOUSE FOR THE
SOCIETY. THAT MEANS I'VE GOT A LOT OF WORK
BEFORE ME.

(PAUSE)

BEA: TONY.

TONY: YEAH.

BEA: DON'T YOU HATE THE THOUGHT OF HAVING THIS LOVELY
OLD HOUSE TURNED INTO A MUSEUM?

TONY: OHHHH - I - I DON'T KNOW. THE HOUSE DOESN'T MEAN
SO MUCH TO ME. IT'S OLD - ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO
KEEP CLEAN - TOO LARGE FOR ME OR FOR ANY FAMILY
I COULD EVER DREAM OF HAVING - UNLESS I MIGHT HAVE
A FAMILY OF ELEPHANTS OR HIPPOS.

BEA: SILLY!

TONY: OH, YES, I SUPPOSE I'LL HATE SEEING MY OLD HOME
TURNED INTO A RUBBERNECK SPOT - BUT THE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY WILL GET FAR MORE GOOD OUT OF IT THAN I COULD
EVER GET BY STAYING.

BEA: TONY, YOU ARE SO KIND AND GENEROUS.

TONY: AW-NOW, DON'T EVER BELIEVE THAT. I GOT AN UNUSUALLY
FINE PRICE FOR THIS MUSTY OLD BARN - MORE THAN
IT'S WORTH.

BEA: YOU KNOW THAT ISN'T TRUE, TONY. THIS HOUSE IS
NOT ONLY VERY LIVEABLE BUT IT'S THE OLDEST
HOUSE STANDING IN CHICAGO.

TONY: THAT'S JUST WHY THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY HAS A
BETTER USE FOR IT THAN I HAVE. I DON'T WANT TO
LIVE IN A MUSEUM, BEA - AND THAT'S WHAT THIS
PLACE IS, OFFICIALLY AND UNOFFICIALLY.
(PAUSE)

BEA: NEVERTHELESS, I THINK YOU'RE SWEET FOR GIVING
IT UP LIKE YOU HAVE.

TONY: I THINK I GOT THE BETTER OF THE BARGAIN - AND
I SUGGEST WE DROP THE SUBJECT.

BEA: YOU'RE A DARLING!
(PAUSE - THEY'RE KISSING)

BEA: TONY - HOW OLD IS THIS HOUSE, EXACTLY - ?

TONY: OHHH, LET'S SEE. IT WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN
BUILT IN 1832 BY ANTHONY SNOWDEN.

BEA: YOUR GREAT-GRANDFATHER?

TONY: (NEGATIVELY) HUH UH - HIS FATHER. IT WAS
MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER.

BEA: THEN YOU'RE ANTHONY SNOWDEN THE - IS IT FORTH
OR FIFTH?

TONY: THE FIFTH.

BEA: THEN I'LL BE MRS. ANTHONY SNOWDEN THE FIFTH, HUH?

TONY: I'LL BE PERFECTLY HAPPY WHEN YOU'RE JUST PLAIN
MRS. ANTHONY SNOWDEN. (PAUSE) YOU'D BETTER
GET BACK TO THE BOOKS OR WE'LL NEVER FINISH
OUR WORK IN TIME.

BEA: RIGHT AWAY! AND YOU'D BETTER CLEAN OUT THAT
WRITING DESK BEFORE YOU FORGET IT.

TONY: I'LL START ON IT RIGHT NOW.

BEA: READ EVERYTHING CAREFULLY. IT'S AN ACCUMULATION
OF FIVE GENERATIONS AND THERE ARE PROBABLY SOME
PRETTY IMPORTANT PAPERS IN THAT MESS.

TONY: I KNOW. I EXPECT TO FIND THE DEED TO THIS HOUSE
IN IT. IT'S HERE SOMEPLACE.

BIZ: CLOCK TRANSITION...FADE OUT..FADE IN ON CLOCK STRIKING

BEA: (AWAY) TONY, CAN THAT CLOCK BE RIGHT! ONE O'CLOCK?
(PAUSE) TONY! TONY SNOWDEN, ARE YOU ASLEEP!?

TONY: HUH? ASLEEP? NO - NO, I'VE BEEN READING THIS - THIS
DIARY. IT'S THE MOST FASCINATING THING I'VE EVER
READ.

BEA: (COMING IN) DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU'VE BEEN
READING ALL THIS TIME? TONY, YOU'LL NEVER GET
THESE THINGS PACKED.

LIGHTS OUT - 11

TONY: DON'T BAWL ME OUT, HONEY - I'VE BEEN SO ENGROSSED THAT I DIDN'T KNOW HOW MUCH TIME HAD FLOWN BY. YOU'VE FINISHED WITH THE BOOKS, HAVEN'T YOU?

BEA: YES. I WAS WORKING.

TONY: NOW, BEA, DON'T GET ANGRY. I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHERE THE TIME WENT - AND - AND YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN THIS DIARY, TOO. IT BELONGED TO THE FIRST ANTHONY SNOWDEN. LOOK!

BEA: (SLIGHTLY EXASPERATED) REALLY, TONY, YOU HAVE NO TIME TO SPEND ON THAT NOW.

TONY: OH, BEA, WE'RE ABOUT FINISHED. LET'S KNOCK-OFF FOR TONIGHT. STEVE AND I CAN FINISH IT TOMORROW.

BEA: YOU CAN'T -

TONY: (INTERUPTING) OH, YES WE CAN! SIT DOWN HERE - I'LL READ YOU PART OF THIS DIARY. IT'S INTERESTING.

BEA: NO DOUBT - BUT REALLY, I'M TIRED. SOME OTHER TIME -

TONY: JUST LET ME READ YOU A PAGE OR TWO NEAR THE END OF THE DIARY. HE TELLS OF HIS SUSPICIONS ABOUT HIS WIFE. HE HEARD AT THE INN THAT HIS WIFE HAD BEEN SEEN WITH A STRANGER - SO HE WAITED AT THE INN FOR THE STRANGER TO RETURN -

BEA: WELL -

TONY: ACCORDING TO THE DIARY HE WAITED TILL DARK - THEN DECIDED TO GO HOME TO CONFRONT HIS WIFE WITH THE RUMORS -

BEA: WELL -

LIGHTS OUT - 12

(PAUSE)

BEA: WELL -

TONY: WELL WHAT?

BEA: WHAT HAPPENED?

TONY: I DON'T KNOW. THE DIARY ENDS THERE.

BEA: (SLOWLY) OH - (PAUSE) HADN'T YOU BETTER GO TO
BED NOW.

TONY: UH? YEAH. I'LL TAKE YOU HOME - THEN I WANT TO
GO THRU THIS DESK BEFORE I HIT THE HAY.

BEA: OH, DON'T BOTHER TO TAKE ME HOME, TONY. I CAN GET
A CAB AROUND THE CORNER AND BE HOME IN A JIFFY.

TONY: OKAY, SWEET - IF YOU DON'T MIND.

BEA: I DON'T, TONY - BUT DON'T YOU STAY UP TOO LATE, NOW.

BIZ: FOOTSTEPS GOING AWAY

TONY: JUST A SECOND - I'LL LET YOU OUT.

BEA: (AWAY) DON'T GET UP - I'LL MANAGE - AND DON'T
FORGET TO TURN IN PRETTY SOON.

TONY: I WILL. GOODNIGHT, SWEET.

BEA: GOODNIGHT, TONY - I'LL CALL YOU BEFORE I COME
OVER TOMORROW MORNING.

TONY: YOU MEAN THIS MORNING.

BEA: RIGHT, CAP'N! THIS MORNING. GOODNIGHT.

BIZ: DOOR OPENS

TONY: GOODNIGHT.

BIZ: DOOR CLOSES

TONY: (SOFTLY - AS TO SELF) WELL, OLD ROOM, YOU'RE

TONY: (CONTINUED)

SEEIN' THE LAST OF TONY....UHHUH - THE LAST OF
THE LAST TONY. THERE'VE BEEN FIVE OF US WALKING
OVER THESE VERY FLOORS. GOSH, IF YOU COULD TALK
YOU COULD TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED TO THE FIRST
TONY. (SIGH) YOU CAN'T TALK. (HUMS AND WHISTLES
TUNELESSLY - BREAKS OFF AT -)

ANTHONY: HELLO, TONY. (LONG BREATHLESS PAUSE) HELLO, TONY.

TONY: HUH?! WH - WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE.

ANTHONY: I HAVE EVERY REASON TO EXPECT A CIVIL "HELLO" FROM
A SNOWDEN.

TONY: HUH? OH, YEAH - HELLO. (PAUSE) WHO ARE YOU?

ANTHONY: I AM ANTHONY SNOWDEN.

TONY: NO YOU'RE NOT! I'M ANTHONY SNOWDEN. HOW DID YOU
GET IN HERE?

ANTHONY: I LIVE HERE -

TONY: SEE HERE, NOW!! -

ANTHONY: (FORCEFULLY) GRANTED YOU LIVE HERE, TOO - GRANTED
YOU ARE ANTHONY SNOWDEN- BUT, I TOO AM ANTHONY
SNOWDEN -

TONY: IF THIS IS A JOKE -

ANTHONY: (TALKING HIM DOWN)-AND I ASSURE YOU IT IS NOT -

TONY: IF THIS IS A JOKE, IT IS A RATHER SHABBY ONE
(PAUSE) OR - OR, HAVE I GONE CRAZY?

ANTHONY: YOU ARE ANTHONY SNOWDEN THE FIFTH. I (PAUSE GRANDE)
I AM ANTHONY SNOWDEN THE FIRST.

TONY: THE - THE FIRST?

ANTHONY: YES; YOU KNOW ME.

TONY: KNOW YOU?

ANTHONY: YOU ARE READING MY DAYBOOK.

(PAUSE)

TONY: LORD! IT CAN'T BE POSSIBLE! YOU - YOU'RE A GHOST!

ANTHONY: YES, I SUPPOSE YOU MIGHT TRUTHFULLY CALL ME THAT - AS A MATTER OF PROSPECTIVE. TO YOU I HAVE BEEN DEAD ONE HUNDRED YEARS. TO ME YOU WON'T BE BORN FOR SEVENTY-SIX YEARS.

TONY: (ON THE BORDERLINE BETWEEN HYSTERIA AND SANITY) YEAH - YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT. (PAUSE) GOD! IT'S ALL SO STRANGE. YOU'RE HERE - YET YOU'RE NOT HERE.

ANTHONY: THERE'S A WIDE GULF BETWEEN US. ONE HUNDRED YEARS FROM WHERE YOU SIT TO WHERE I STAND HERE.

TONY: WHERE - WHERE DO YOU STAND?

ANTHONY: YOU MAY SEE ME IF YOU TURN OUT THE LIGHT.

TONY: I'LL DO THAT.

BIZ: WALKING ACROSS FLOOR...DISTANT SNAP OF LIGHT SWITCH

ANTHONY: (AWAY) DO YOU SEE ME?

TONY: YES - YES - BUT QUITE FAINTLY.

ANTHONY: COME CLOSER THEN.

BIZ: WALKING ACROSS FLOOR

(PAUSE)

TONY: YOU LOOK LIKE ME!

ANTHONY: YES.

TONY: IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOUR CLOTHES I'D BELIEVE I
AM LOOKING INTO A MIRROR.

ANTHONY: WE ARE SNOWDENS. IT'S DESTINY WE LOOK ALIKE.

TONY: YES - DESTINY. DESTINY HAS NEVER PRESSED ME SO
CLOSELY AS IT DOES NOW. IT IS EIGHTEEN THIRTY-~~SEVEN~~
TO YOU NOW - IT IS NINETEEN THIRTY-SEVEN TO ME - YET -
YET WE'RE CHATTING TOGETHER. IT'S MAD - UTTERLY
MAD! CHATTING ACROSS A CENTURY - JUST AS WE WOULD
TALK ACROSS A TABLE.

ANTHONY: TRUE.

TONY: IT'S TOO FANTASTIC TO BE TRUE. EXPLAIN IT TO ME
OR LET ME WAKE UP.

ANTHONY: THERE IS AN AFFINITY BETWEEN US BECAUSE WE'RE
SNOWDENS. I'M SURE THAT I'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE YOU
UNDERSTAND.

TONY: PLEASE - PLEASE EXPLAIN SOMETHING!

ANTHONY: I WILL EXPLAIN SOMETHING. I HAVE COME BACK TO
YOU THIS WAY BECAUSE I WANT YOU TO HELP ME.

TONY: HELP YOU?

ANTHONY: YES. (PAUSE) DON'T LOOK BEWILDERED. YOU CAN
HELP ME. YOU AND ONLY YOU CAN PUT A TORTURED SOUL
TO REST. WILL YOU?

TONY: HELP YOU? YES - YES, IF I CAN.

ANTHONY: AND YOU CAN. PLEASE UNDERSTAND - TIME IS ONLY A
LIMITATION IMPOSED BY YOUR MIND. YOUR MIND CONTROLS
YOUR POSITION IN THE COLLOIDAL SEA OF TIME.

TONY: (HESITANT) I DON'T QUITE -

ANTHONY: YOUR MODERN WRITER, BALDERSON, IN A VERY LIKE SITUATION WAS ABLE TO EXPLAIN IT.

TONY: YOU HAVE READ MODERN WRITERS?

ANTHONY: I HAVE READ YOUR BOOKS. THE BOOK IS IN THAT STACK ON THE FLOOR THERE.

TONY: -BUT THE EXPLANATION?

ANTHONY: WELL, BALDERSON EXPLAINED THE PHENOMENON IN THIS WAY: WHEN YOU'RE IN A BOAT FLOATING DOWN A WINDING RIVER YOU ARE UNABLE TO SEE AHEAD - BEYOND THE BEND JUST BEFORE YOU. TRUE?

TONY: YES, QUITE TRUE.

ANTHONY: NOR CAN YOU SEE BACK - BACK PAST THE LAST BEND.

TONY: ALSO TRUE.

ANTHONY: BUT IF YOU CAN SOAR HIGH - WING ABOVE IT ALL - LIKE A BIRD, YOU MAY LOOK DOWN AND SEE AHEAD AND BEHIND.

TONY: ALL OF WHICH MEANS - WHAT?

ANTHONY: BEYOND THE BEND IS THE FUTURE - WHERE YOU ARE IS THE PRESENT - BEHIND THE BEND, JUST PASSED, IS THE PAST. GRANTED?

TONY: GRANTED.

ANTHONY: WITH CONCENTRATION A MIND MAY DO JUST THAT.

TONY: WHAT?

ANTHONY: SOAR LIKE A BIRD - INTO THE FUTURE - BACK INTO THE PAST.

TONY: WELL - ?

ANTHONY: I RECRUIT YOUR AID TO HELP ME. YOU WILL, I KNOW.
(PAUSE) I WILL EXPLAIN NOW JUST HOW. YOU HAVE
READ MY DAYBOOK - MY DIARY YOU CALL IT. YOU
NOTICED THAT IT ENDED ABRUPTLY ON JULY TWENTIETH,
EIGHTEEN THIRTY-SEVEN -

TONY: YES -
(PAUSE)

ANTHONY: ON JULY 20TH I WAS MURDERED.

TONY: (CATCHES BREATH) MURDERED! BY WHOM?

ANTHONY: (AFTER PAUSE) YOU ARE GOING TO FIND OUT FOR ME.

TONY: YOU DON'T KNOW?

ANTHONY: NO. I'VE BEEN TORTURED A HUNDRED YEARS. I DON'T
KNOW WHO KILLED ME. I'VE WAITED A HUNDRED YEARS
FOR YOU TO COME ALONG TO HELP ME.

TONY: (DAZED) THIS IS ALL UNREAL - ALL MADNESS - IMPOSSIBLE.

ANTHONY: I HAVE NOT FAILED YOU WITH WITH EXPLANATIONS YET.
(PAUSE) ~~MMM~~

TONY: NO.

ANTHONY: NOR SHALL I. (PAUSE) BY DOING AS I INSTRUCT YOU
MAY GO BACK TO THAT NIGHT OF JULY 20TH, 1837 AND
LIVE MY PART FOR ME. YOU CAN'T CHANGE WHAT HAS GONE
BEFORE - NOT BY ONE MOVE CAN ANYONE LIVING TODAY
CHANGE ONE WHIT THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN - BUT YOU
CAN PROJECT YOURSELF TO ANOTHER TIME PLANE AND THERE
LIVE WITH THOSE OF THAT PERIOD. YOU'LL BE AIDED BY
ATAVISM - SURELY YOU WILL RETURN WITH THE INFORMATION

LIGHTS OUT - 18

TONY: THE INFORMATION?

ANTHONY: YES, THE INFORMATION I MUST HAVE TO PUT MY SOUL
TO REST. YOU UNDERSTAND?

TONY: YES, PERFECTLY.

ANTHONY: ARE YOU READY TO GO AHEAD. (PAUSE) GOOD. THEN YOU
MUST FIRST KNOW OF EVERY MOVEMENT I MADE THAT
NIGHT. KNOW THEM PERFECTLY - BECAUSE YOU CAN'T
CHANGE WHAT HAS HAPPENED. ALL THAT HAPPENED IS TO BE
TOLD YOU - THEN YOU WILL GO BACK TO THEN. YOU MUST
OBSERVE CLOSELY THE MOVEMENTS OF BOTH MY WIFE AND
THE ONE SHE INTRODUCED AS VOCHOK - AND AS SOON AS
YOU SEE WHICH OF THE TWO WIELDED THE KNIFE YOU MUST
BRING YOURSELF BACK TO 1937. IS THAT PERFECTLY CLEAR?

TONY: YES. AND WHAT AN ADVENTURE! I'LL BE DOING SOMETHING
THAT NO MORTAL MAN HAS EVER DONE - RETURNED TO THE
PAST. (FADING OUT) I, ANTHONY SNOWDEN THE FIFTH,
AM GOING BACK TO MEET MY GREAT, GREAT GRANDMOTHER -

BIZ: CLOCK TRANSITION FADED IN AND OUT

(FADING IN)

ANTHONY: NOW, YOU ARE READY TO GO BACK. I'LL WAIT FOR YOU -
WITH THE TRUST THAT A SNOWDEN CAN HAVE IN A SNOWDEN.
YOU'LL WALK OUT THAT DOOR NOW - AND WHEN YOU WALK
UP TO THE DOOR IN RETURNING - AND KNOCK - THEN
YOU'LL BE BACK IN EIGHTEEN THIRTY-SEVEN!

BIZ: GONG...TO END

JANET: (FADING IN)

IF THE OPPORTUNITY COMES TO ME I WILL STRIKE
WITH THIS - THIS KNIFE ON THE TABLE.

(PAUSE)

IS YOUR GUN READY FOR FIRING, PHILLIP?

PHILLIP: YES - YES, IT WAS LOADED WHEN I LEFT THE INN. IT
WILL BE READY FOR INSTANT USE. (PAUSE) I PRAY GOD
WE ARE DOING THE RIGHT THING -

JANET: (TENSELY) SHHH! SOMEONE IS ON THE PATH. IT - IT
MUST BE ANTHONY - (GOING AWAY) I SHALL LOOK OUT
THE WINDOW -

PHILLIP: (NERVOUS WHISPER) WHO IS IT?

JANET: IT IS HE - ANTHONY. (PAUSE) OUR TIME HAS COME!

BIZ: KNOCK ON DOOR...REPEATED

JANET: (WHISPER) PHILLIP - YOU SIT THERE. I'LL LET HIM IN.
AND PLEASE - PLEASE BE CAREFUL.

PHILLIP: I WILL, DEAREST.

BIZ: WALKING ACROSS FLOOR...LIFTING LATCH...DOOR OPENS

JANET: (SLIGHTLY AWAY) ANTHONY, DEAR, WHAT KEPT YOU SO
LATE? WE HAVE A GUEST.

TONY: I'VE BEEN AT THE INN, JANET. I'M SORRY TO HAVE BEEN
LATE.

JANET: (COMING IN) ANTHONY, THIS IS MR. VOCEK - A FRIEND
OF MY FATHER - YOU'VE HEARD FATHER SPEAK OF HIM.

TONY: (AT MIKE) TO BE SURE. I'M PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MR -
MR. VOCEK. YOU ARE FROM BOSTON, ARE YOU NOT?

PHILLIP: YES - BOSTON.

TONY: JUST ARRIVE TODAY?

PHILLIP: YES - JUST THIS MORNING.

TONY: A VERY WEARING JOURNEY.

PHILLIP: YES, VERY. I HAD NO SLEEP FOR TWO NIGHTS.

TONY: YOU MUST BE TIRED. PLEASE PUT YOURSELF TO REST. MAY I GET YOU A DRINK?

PHILLIP: YES, PLEASE.

TONY: YOU'LL PARDON ME, THEN?

PHILLIP: YES - YES, CERTAINLY.

TONY: IT WILL BE ONLY A MOMENT.

BIZ: WALKING AWAY...DOOR OPENS...CLOSES

(PAUSE)

PHILLIP: (WHISPER) HE SEEMS NOT TO SUSPECT. ALL IS BEING TURNED BEAUTIFULLY.

JANET: YES, QUITE WELL - BUT YOU MUST CONTINUE GREATEST CARE. ONE WORD MIGHT DESTROY ALL OUR PRECAUTIONS.

PHILLIP: MY PART GROWS EASIER. (PAUSE) JANET - YOU LOOK WORRIED.

JANET: AND SO I AM. HE HAS A STRANGE MANNER ABOUT HIM. HE IS ACTING MUCH THE SAME AS HE ALWAYS HAS - ~~HE~~ YET, YET HE SEEMS SO DIFFERENT. AND THE INN - HE SAYS HE HE HAS BEEN AT THE INN~~M~~ ALL AFTERNOON.

PHILLIP: IS THAT STRANGE?

JANET: I HAVE NEVER KNOWN HIM TO LEAVE HIS WORK TO ~~B~~ALLY AT THE INN -

PHILLIP: COULD IT BE THAT HE SUSPECTS?

JANET: NO, NO - IT'S JUST MY NERVES. THIS HAS BEEN SO ENERVATING - I'M FRIGHTFULLY UPSET.

PHILLIP: TONIGHT, DEAR, IT WILL BE ALL OVER - THEN WE CAN START TO LIVE.

(PAUSE)

JANET: I HEAR HIM COMING! (LOUDLY) IT IS GOOD TO HEAR AGAIN OF PHILADELPHIA, MR. VOCHEK. I LONG TO SEE THE NEW THEATRE. AT CHESTNUT AND BROAD, YOU SAY IT IS?

BIZ: DOOR OPENS...CLOSES...WALKING ACROSS FLOOR

PHILLIP: YES - JUST A SHORT PIECE FROM MARSTONS'.

TONY: (COMING IN) A THEATRE AT CHESTNUT AND BROAD, DID I HEAR YOU SAY?

PHILLIP: YES - I WAS JUST TELLING MRS. SNOWDEN. IT WILL BE QUITE LARGE.

TONY: MAY I POUR YOU A LONG DRINK, MR. VOCHEK?

PHILLIP: I'LL DRINK WITH YOU, MR. SNOWDEN.

TONY: YES - YES, OF COURSE. WILL YOU HOLD THE GLASSES, JANET? HERE.

BIZ: POURING DRINKS

JANET: ANTHONY, YOU'RE HAND IS SHAKING.

TONY: REALLY? YES, I AM A BIT SHAKEY. I HAD A BIT TO DRINK AT THE INN - TOO MUCH I SUPPOSE. I HAVE BEEN DRINKING TOO MUCH SINCE PROHIBITION.

JANET: SINCE PROHIBITION? OF WHAT DO YOU SPEAK?

TONY: OH! ■ I ALMOST FORGOT. I - I DON'T BELIEVE I EVER YOU.

JANET: TOLD ME? I DON'T BELIEVE -

TONY: (INTERUPTING) IT - IT WAS SORT OF A LITTLE
PLEDGE I MADE TO MYSELF - TO STOP DRINKING.
IT NEVER WORKED VERY WELL.

JANET: (SLIGHTLY BEWILDERED) OH.

TONY: I DIDN'T TELL YOU ABOUT IT. IT IS JUST ONE OF MY
LITTLE WHIMSES.

PHILLIP: OH, YES - QUITE. I OFTEN MAKE LITTLE PLEDGES TO
MYSELF LIKE THAT. FRIGHTFULLY EASILY BROKEN, AREN'T
THEY.

(PHILLIP AND TONY LAUGH...NOT TOO SINCERELY)

TONY: YES, AREN'T THEY?

PHILLIP: AND YOU CALLED IT YOUR - YOUR -

TONY: PROHIBITION - JUST A LITTLE NAME I THOUGHT UP FOR IT.

PHILLIP: YES - YES, QUITE AMUSING.

(BOTH RENEW SOMEWHAT FORCED LAUGHTER)

JANET: ANTHONY, DID YOU SEE ANYONE WE KNOW AT THE INN?

TONY: NO - MOSTLY STRANGERS. SOME LOVELY YOUNG WOMEN WITH
A TROUPE OF PLAYERS. ONE OF THEM LOOKED LIKE JEAN
HARLOW. SORT OF - (BREAKS OFF)
(PAUSE)

JANET: I - I DON'T BELIEVE I KNOW JEAN HARLOW. DO I?

TONY: NO - NO, YOU WOULDN'T. I FORGOT.

JANET: FORGOT?

TONY: YES - (CONFUSED) ERRR, I FORGOT YOU DIDN'T KNOW HER.
DO YOU INTEND TO BE IN CHICAGO VERY LONG, MR. VOCEK?

PHILLIP: LONG? WELL, YES, I HAD RATHER FANCIED I WOULD
OPEN A SHOP HERE - IF CONDITIONS SEEM PROPITIOUS.

TONY: YOUR BUSINESS, SIR?

PHILLIP: I AM A TAILOR.

TONY: OH, YES - A TAILOR. I KNOW A SPLENDID LOCATION
RIGHT IN THE HEART OF THE LOOP - YOU MIGHT BE
INTERESTED IN IT.

PHILLIP: (PUZZLED) YES. YES, OF COURSE -

JANET: THE LOOP? ANTHONY, YOU'VE DRUNK MORE THAN YOUR FILL.
YOU SPEAK THE WORDS OF A STRANGER TONIGHT.

TONY: HUH? OH, YES - THAT MUST BE IT - A LITTLE TOO MUCH
DRINK. YOU SEE, THE LOOP IS A TERM I UNCONSCIOUSLY
USE IN REFERENCE TO THIS SECTION. YOU MUST FORGIVE ME.

PHILLIP: SURELY.

(PAUSE)

TONY: ANOTHER DRINK?

PHILLIP: YES, PLEASE.

TONY: YOUR GLASS THEN. (PAUSE) THANK YOU.

BIZ: POURING LIQUID

TONY: YOU KNOW, A LOT OF PEOPLE WILL DISAGREE WITH ME,
BUT, TO ME IT'S A SHAME TO DRINK THIS SPLENDID RYE
STRAIGHT. A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW A MAN WON'T THINK
OF RYE LIKE THIS EXCEPT IN EXPERTLY MADE HIGH-BALLS
AND COCKTAILS. (PAUSE) THAT'S ANOTHER EXPRESSION
OF MY OWN - HIGHBALL. EXPRESSIVE, ISN'T IT?

JANET: ANTHONY, ARE YOU WELL?

LIGHTS OUT - 24

PHILLIP: YES, OLD FELLOW, YOU LOOK A LITTLE ODD.

TONY: (CHUCKLING...THE SITUATION IS INTOXICATING HIM)
DO I LOOK STRANGE? MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I HAVEN'T
BEEN BORN YET. (CHUCKLE) COULD THAT BE IT?

PHILLIP: GET A HOLD ON YOURSELF, OLD MAN - YOU ARE A BIT IN
YOUR CUPS RIGHT ENOUGH.

TONY: I'M STARRING DESTINY RIGHT IN THE FACE, THAT'S WHY.
I'M A GREAT BIRD SOARING HIGH, NOT OVER THE WORLD -
BUT OVER A CENTURY - LOOKING DOWN.

JANET: YOU ARE BESIDE YOURSELF, ANTHONY. I PRAY YOU WILL
NOT EMBARRASS ME FURTHER BEFORE MY FATHER'S FRIEND.

TONY: YES, YOU ARE A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY, AREN'T YOU
MR. VOCHEK? (PAUSE) BUT, COME, VOCHEK ISN'T YOUR
NAME, SIR.

JANET: ANTHONY!

TONY: (FORCEFULLY) ANSWER! IT ISN'T VOCHEK, IS IT? (PAUSE)
I'LL ANSWER FOR YOU. IT'S MCGILL - PHILLIP MCGILL.

JANET: ANTHONY! I DEMAND THAT YOU STOP THIS NONSENSE.

TONY: NONSENSE, EH? IT CAN'T BE STOPPED! YOUR NONSENSE
ANTEDATES MINE BY A CENTURY. IT CAN'T BE STOPPED.
(PAUSE) MR. MCGILL, COULD YOU, BY ANY CHANCE, BE
RELATED TO THE GENERAL PHILLIP MCGILL WHO WAS KILLED,
SHOT AS A TRAITOR, IN THE CIVIL WAR?

JANET: ANTHONY:

PHILLIP: WHAT ARE THESE FANTASTIC WORDS OF YOURS, SIR?

TONY: (CHUCKLE) YOU WOULDN'T KNOW - BUT YOU ARE GENERAL

TONY: (CONTINUED)

MCGILL - IF THAT CAN BE ANY CONSOLATION TO YOU.

JANET: DRINK HAS CHANGED YOU TO A MADMAN.

TONY: MAYBE. BUT PARDON MY EXHILARATION. YOU SEE, I'M ENJOYING THE GREATEST EXPERIENCE EVER KNOWN TO A MORTAL MAN. DON'T LET YOUR PETTY CRIME OF MURDER BLIND YOUR EYES TO A MIRACLE. FEAST YOUR EYES ON A MAN OF TWO WORLDS! (CHUCKLE) YOU GAPE - AND YOU SHOULD! (PAUSE) BUT I MUSTN'T WASTE THIS PRECIOUS TIME. ENGAGE YOURSELF WITH THAT EXCELLENT BOTTLE, DEAR GUEST, I MUST SEE THE BABY WINDY CITY!

BIZ: WALKING ACROSS FLOOR...DOOR OPENS....CLOSES

JANET: (TENSE WHISPER) WE CAN WAIT NO LONGER. HE HAS GONE MAD; HE SUSPECTS. WE CANNOT WAIT UNTIL HE GIVES THE LOCATION OF THE MONEY - WE MUST GO WITHOUT IT. WAIT NOT FOR THE SIGNAL - STRIKE AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY.

PHILLIP: JANET, I'M TERRIFIED - HE HAS THE MANNER OF A SPECTRE.

JANET: WE HAVE BROUGHT OUR GODS DOWN ON US. OH, LORD! IF THIS NIGHT WOULD BUT END.

PHILLIP: WE HAVE GONE TOO FAR TO TURN BACK.

JANET: YES - TOO FAR - MUCH TOO FAR. POOR ANTHONY, HE MUST ALREADY KNOW - WE MUST END IT QUICKLY.

PHILLIP: I HEAR HIM ON THE STOOP! GOD GRANT US COURAGE!

BIZ: DOOR OPENING...WALKING ACROSS FLOOR

LIGHTS OUT - 26

TONY: (COMING IN) BABY CHICAGO! I HAVE SEEN IT! YOU TWO!
YOU STAND WITH YOUR MOUTHS AGAPE! LAUGH! (HE LAUGHS
WILDLY) MY MASQUERADE MUST END - YOURS WILL GO ON
ENDLESSLY - ENDLESSLY! ANOTHER DRINK; A KISS FOR
MY - OUR - BABY SON AND THEN I MUST BE GONE.
(THOUGHTFUL PAUSE) YES - A KISS FOR MY INFANT
GREAT, GRANDFATHER.

BIZ: SOUNDS OF GREAT CONFUSION..STRUGGLE..GRUNT AND GROAN
(SILENCE)

BIZ: GONG TO END
(FADING IN)

ANTHONY: POOR TONY! HE WAITED TOO LONG - ENJOYED TOO LONG
THE EXPERIENCE THAT NO MAN SHOULD KNOW. (THOUGHTFUL
CHUCKLE) MY GREAT GREAT GRANDSON HAS DIED BY MY
SLAYERS - BY HIS GREAT GREAT GRANDMOTHER. (FADING OUT)
POOR TONY! POOR TONY! POOR TONY!

BIZ: GONG...TO END
(PAUSE)

BEA: (VOICE MUFFLED AS THRU DOOR) COME ON, STEVE - THE
DOOR ISN'T LOCKED. TONY MUST HAVE STAYED HERE ALL
NIGHT - OR EITHER HE IS UP NOW.

BIZ: DOOR CREAKING OPEN...TWO PEOPLE WALK IN

STEVE: IT'S DARK IN HERE. TONY MUST BE UP IN HIS ROOM.
WHERE IS THAT LIGHT SWITCH.

BEA: (AWAY) IT'S RIGHT OVER HERE. I'LL GET IT.

BIZ: SWITCHING ON LIGHT

LIGHTS OUT - 27

(BEA SCREAMS)

BEA: THERE! THERE'S A BODY ON THE FLOOR.

STEVEN: (BREATHLESSLY) MY LORD! IT IS! (PAUSE) GOD!
IT'S TONY - THERE'S A KNIFE IN HIS BACK - HE'S
DEAD. AND HIS BODY - HIS BODY IS MOULDY!
(BEA GASPS...SUGGESTS FAINT)

BIZ: GONG...TO END

ANNOUNCER: LIGHTS OUT - WHICH IS WRITTEN ESPECTABLY FOR
RADIO BY CHARLES GUSSMAN - COMES TO YOU EACH
WEDNESDAY FROM OUR CHICAGO STUDIOS

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